This being the life motive of the man,

we can understand why he rushed to his country's aid at the first slarm, why he fought with desperate bravery at Donelson, why he lay before Vicksburg and waited, why he started for Richmond by his own route, determined to "fight it out on this line if it takes all summer;" why he accepted the Presidency when it was offered; why he took up the pen to pro vide for his family in the dark hour of need-why he held death off with one hand while with the other he gathered in the sheaves for his loved ones. We can understand also, if we have come at last to a just appreciation of the man, why he made no response to defamation at a time when the people were little acquainted with him and when his own career might have been blasted with a breath.

It was as a man that Grant was useful to his country. As a man his example is of value incomparable to his countrymen, who have followed him to the tomb as few of the great of the earth have been followed in the hour of parting.

LIEUT. GRANT,

A Youngster of Twenty-two, Writes to

Pricaid.

Philadelphia Press.

One of Grant's earliest and warmest friends was Mrs. G. B. Bailey, of Georgetown, Brown County O. In 1841 Lieutenant Grant was stationed with his regiment in Texas. He had his picture taken in uniform and sent to Mrs. Bailey, with the following letter, which is now in possession of Ferdinand J. Dreer, of 1850 Eprace Street, this city. Mr. Childs has the original picture:



to be suphibleus. The only way of com-munication between these steamers was by yawls, which had also to be used to visit the Quartermaster and Commissary boats, and these officers had small steam-ers to carry supplies to the troops on the different boats.

When our battallion of 400 men and a like number of horses arrived at the rendezvons, just before daylight on a chilly March morning, both men and horses had been some hours without food, owing to somebody having blundered in not stopping us at the mouth of the Tennessee for rations and forage. As soon as morning broke, armed with the necessary requisitions I took the yawl with two men and I boarded the boat of the Chief Quartermaster. I had no difficulty in getting my When our battallion of 400 men and

town, Brown (Contd) O. In 1981 lasts tentant count was another there in the internal country and sent to Mir. Ediley, with the control process of the control of the contro



between the two officers, after which Grant stepped upon his beat, a d hurri-d on up the river to take command of his army, which was ergaged in such a deeperate struggle with the enemy. This was all I saw of General Grant during or immeditely after the battle of Shiboh. That he was absent from the field when the conflict began has not, I believe, been disputed. The cruel sland r was circuited soon after the battle that he was drunk the night before and on the morning the battle began. If I ever saw a sober man, one in the complete possession of all his deuties, and fully impressed, so far as his demeanor could show it, with the fact that a great crisis had come to his life, and that a most onerous responsibility rested.







Last Honors at Biverside P. rk-Firing Military Salute.

I should be happy to get an answer to this as early as possible, and, if nothing more, a posteript from the young ladies.

Lies to steep them off. So much for Camp Salabrity.

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Lies to steep them of the correspondents to whom the steep and the content of the correspondents to whom it way. About the time General Halleck planting in the content of the westerly get of the we

morning proved, was not moved to go and do likewise was General Grant.

GRANT'S MODESTY. The surrender was arranged to take

ot be renewed until after the glory of Missionary Ridge had been added to his laurel wreath.

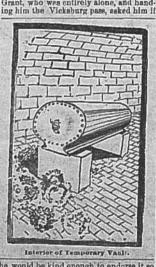
Having been outside with the besiegers at Vicksoury, it was my lot to be inside with the besieger at Vicksoury, it was my lot to be inside with the besiege at Knokville when that city was invested by General Longstree in the beginning of November, 1883. After the siege was raised by the bloody repulse of the Confederates on the morning of the 30, I desired to go North. The horseback ride over the Cumberland Mountains to Crab Orebard, Kentucky, the nearest point where railroad communication with the North could be had, although practicable, was decidedly uncomfortable. Another correspondent and myself, therefore, determined to take the water route down the Tennessee to Chattanooga. We purchased a skiff and freighted it with bread, fried chickens, and other edibles sufficient to last four men ten days rather than two men three days, which was all that was required. Having heard in some way of our purpose, the General who had succeeded General Burnside in command at Knoxville sent for me, and handing me a small package, requested me to give it to General Grant immediately on my arrived. to last four men ten days rather than two men three days, which was all that was required. Having heard in some way of our purpose, the Genaral who had succeeded General Burnaide in command at Knoxville sent for me, and handing mea amail package, requested me to give it to General Grant immediately on my arrival at Chattanooga, which I engaged to do. The next morning we pushed out from the shore near the railroad bridge. It was a chilly December morning, but wesong to warm by vigorous rowing. At noon we landed near a substantial looking house, and had no difficulty in exchanging a small part of our stock for having our coffee made. After dinner we pulled out with great vigor, and before night fall had reached Kingston, where we had the good fortune to meet a small steamboat which had just come to meet a small steamboat which had just come up from Chattanooga, and was going back immediately. We boarded to the stranging hundred house which not awage on stances is war annals as Ghat and the companion of the stranging hundred house which of the stranging hundred house which made on stances in war annals as Ghat and the companion of the stranging hundred house which state of the stranging hundred house which of Stevenson, Alabama, we paid our fare; and having transferred our remained to the publichouse, we made our saift fast alongide its estant of the stranging hundred house which to get a stange of the stranging hundred house which to get a stange of the stranging hundred house which as the connection with the railroad and the stranging hundred house which to get a stange of the stranging hundred house which as the connection with the railroad to the stranging hundred house which to get a stange of the stranging hundred house which to get a stange of the stranging hundred house which to get a stange of the stranging hundred house which to get a stange of the stranging hundred house which to get a stange of the stranging hundred house which and the would be kind enough to endorse it as of the stranging hundred hous



coffee for some time. The supper over, general Grant settled himself back on the beach, and in the darkness I could not tell whether he was asleep or not, but I do know that he never spoke or gave any sign of life during the three hours the little steamer was employed in going down to the rapid river, alternately poking her noce into the bank on one side or the other, and bumplag her hull against rocks on the bottom of the shallow stream. Long before daylight we were at Stevenson, and there being no train, no hotel, no house of any sort open, and as the beat immediately started up-atream again, there was nothing for us but to gather about a bonfire on the wharf and while away the time as best we could. General Grant and his officer went off somewhere; I presume to the quarters of some army officer. Early in the morning the train was ready to start for Nashville, and there was done to read the control of the sale of the control of the sale o



The surrender was arranged to take place on a large level places on large level places on a large level places on large level places level places level places level places level places



isos, from Lookout Valley to Chattanooga. In the evening several officers were sitting together in an upper room when General Sherman arrived, having left his marching column back at Bridgeport. He came bounding in after his usual buoyant manner. General Grant, whose bearing toward Sherman differed from that with other officers, being free, affectionate and good-humored, greated him most cordially. He immediately, after the "How are you, Sherman?" and the reply, "Thank you, as well as can be expected!" extended to him the everwelcome cigar. This Sherman proceeded to light, but without stopping his ready flow of hearty words, and not even pausing to sit down. He seemed like an animated boy just in from an exciting cut-door game.

A Novel Grant Memoiral Window.

Albany Express.

The Grant memorial window in B.